Hot. That Roan ſhal be my throne. Well, I wil back him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

Lady. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith ile know your buſines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you ſgo

Hot. So far a foot, I ſhal be weary, loue.

La. Com, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudy noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?
Wel doe not then? for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitly. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me?
Whither I go: nor reaſon were about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percyes* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wil't not vtter what thou doeſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot.

Hot. Not an inch further
Whither I go, thither ſhall
To day will I ſet forward, to
Will this content you *Kate*

La. It muſt of force.

Enter Princ

Prince. Ned, prethee com
me thy hand to laugh a littl

Poynes. Where haſt been

Prin. With three or foure
foure-ſcore Hogs-heads. I h
of Humilitie. Sirra, I am ſwo
and can call them all by thei
and *Francis*: they take it al
though I be Prince of *Wales*
tell me flatly, I am not proud
thian, a lad of mettall, a good
and when I am king of *Engl*
lads in *Eaſtcheap*. They call
when you breath in your w
play it off. To conclude,
quarter of an houre, that I c
owne language during my l
loſt much honor, that thou
but ſweet *Ned*; to ſweeten w
penniworth of Sugar, clap
vnder skinker, one that ne
then 8. ſhillings & 6. pence
addition, *Anon. anon ſir, skor*
or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue av
thee doe thou ſtand in ſom
puny Drawer, to what end
leaue calling *Francis*, that
An on: ſtep aſide, and Ile ſ

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfec

Poines. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; look

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